



The Work for the Dead

Unto us the power is given,
So the Lord himself has said.
Yea, the power of redemption
To redeem the worthy dead.
Those who died without the gospel
In long generations past.
And they now are waiting...
Hoping that they'll be redeemed at last.

Would it really be Salvation,
If we should be saved alone?
How can we expect the Harvest
If the seed we have not sown?
If we shall neglect our kindred dead'
Who will then labor do?
When the right to give them freedom is
conferred on me and you.

So the Father has Commanded,
And has thus his prophet said,
That the work must be accomplished
By the living for the dead.
Every shining link be welded
In the bright celestial chain.
Binding children to the Father
That each one his place may claim.
Oh how blest will be the meeting
If we shall have done our best.
Oh how wonderful the greeting
From the souls our work has blessed.
With what songs of joy and gladness
They will hail us everyone.

Call us Saviors on Mount Zion
For the work that we have done.

By Enoch Edwin Brown